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BURGLAR-PROOF

Comedy in Three Acts

BY

STELLA T. PAYSON

Author of

The Society Column. The Christmas Spirit, Mechanical Dolls



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TMP96-006927

OCLD 73882

Printed in the United States of America

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CHARACTERS

TIME OF PLAYING: About forty-five minutes

STORY OF THE PLAY

William Arthurs, a very self-sufficient person, is quite sure no burglar could possibly enter his house. He has all sorts of burglar alarms, but refuses to get a dog, although his small son begs for one. Some of the young people think it would be fun to enter his house, and so prove to him that it was not impossible, to the end that he may be a little less sure of his own cleverness, and that Tommy may get his dog. The girls do not take into their confidence the boys, who also think it would be nice to teach Mr. Arthurs a lesson. As both parties make their attempt the same night, confusion arises, especially as a masked burglar turns up at the same time. However it is all gradually cleared up with the assistance of Officer Baxter, a venal and stupid policeman,

BURGLAR-PROOF

ACT I

Scene: The Blair's Porch

This should be arranged with the street in the foreground and a set of portable steps for the young people to sit on. Or the whole stage might be dressed up to represent an outdoor sitting-room.

Discovered: Annette, Marjorie, Edwin and James

EDWIN: I hear that another house on the avenue was entered last night.

Annette: I'm just terrified when I think that our house may be the next. I'd hate to lose Grann's pearl necklace, the only thing of value that I possess.

MARJORIE: Well, I wouldn't like them to get Dad's coins—they could melt them up.

EDWIN: I wish they'd try our house, I'd show them!

Annette: Them! Do you think there are more than one?

James: I expect it's a gang, like as not; else how did they manage several houses in one night?

ANNETTE: Oh, did they?

James: Yes, the Clarke's and the Arnold's were both entered in one night.

Enter on street Mr. Arthurs, Marion and Tommy

Mr. Arthurs [very pompous]: No, Tommy, I shall not get you a dog. You need not speak of it again. I am quite able to protect my family and home from danger, although

I know perfectly well it is the dog you are thinking of and not any danger from a possible burglar.

[Tommy grinds fists in eyes and sniffs, while Marion pats him and whispers to him, "Never mind, Tommy."]

Mr. Arthurs [saluting Annette and others]: Well. well, young people, how are you today? And what is the subject under discussion? The approaching wedding?

EDWIN: No indeed, Mr. Arthurs. We were talking just now

about the burglars.

Annette: We are so frightened, Mr. Arthurs.

Mr. Arthurs [walking about, swinging cane, very pompous]: Now, now, no sense in worrying, my dear. There is absolutely no danger, if a person just exercises a little common sense. No burglar could get into my house. If everybody would take pattern by me, the burglars would have to go out of business. My house is absolutely burglar-proof—a simple arrangement of alarms, started if door or window is tampered with.

[Marion gasps despairingly.]

Marion [who has joined the girls on the steps]: Yes, and going off like mad at all sorts of wrong times!

Tommy: Yes, the other night when I was sick, and you telephoned for the doctor, when he came in he set off the whole works, and scared mother into hysterics. If we had a dog—

Marion: And if you forget one window, a burglar could get in at that one and not alarm anyone. And you know,

Daddy, you often do forget something or other.

Mr. Arthur: Now, now, children, no one wants to hear your opinions at all. I just want to say that people whose houses are entered by burglars are careless and deserve to lose their valuables. If any burglar can get into my house, he's welcome to what he can find. It's up to me to make my house safe, and I have done so.

MARJORIE: The Clarkes weren't careless, but the dog was sick. They had sent him to the hospital that very day. If he'd been home—

TOMMY: There, Dad, what did I tell you?

Mr. Arthurs: Peace, boy, you see their dog did not save them. But I defy any burglar to enter my house! It is

absolutely burglar-proof, ab-so-lute-ly. [Goes out.]

Marion: Oh, dear, Dad's so silly about those old burglar alarms—he hops around every night to windows and doors, and often he steps on a cord, or touches a switch, and away go the alarms, banging and ringing! It's awful!

Tommy: And a dog would hear anything anywhere in the house and just bark, and he wouldn't bark at us, only at

strangers. I wish Uncle Jack was here.

MARJORIE: Who's Uncle Jack? And what would he do?

MARION: He's Dad's brother, and he listens to us, and often gets things for us that Dad won't be bothered with. Tommy thinks if he were here, he would get him a dog, and ask Dad afterwards. And anyhow, Dad would think it was what he had always wanted, if Uncle Jack gave it to him.

EDWIN: Well. it's too bad, Tommy.

Annette: Oh, there goes Policeman Baxter. Let's call him in.

EDWIN: O. K. Hi! Officer! Officer!

Voice [outside]: Ay, ay. sir.

Enter Policeman

[He should be a very small man, with large helmet, large gloves, large baton, very conceited and absurd, a good comic actor.]

comic actor.]

Baxter: Well, Mr. Edwin, what can I do for you? You have called in the power of the law. I am the Law! [Touches his breast and bows.] What can the law do for you?

Annette: Oh. Mr. Baxter, do you suppose you could save us, if the burglars should come here?

BAXTER: Save you! Of course I can. No burglar can get

past me.

James: They've been getting past some one lately.

BAXTER: Not me, not me. Those fellow on duty the nights of the burglaries must have been asleep on the job. No. sir! This is my beat, and you may rest easy; you are perfectly safe.

MARJORIE: How nice it is to know that!

BAXTER: Yes, yes, rest easy, young ladies. I will see that you are perfectly safe. [Exit.]

EDWIN: Isn't he the limit? I'll bet he couldn't stop a

burglar.

MARJORIE: No. All you would have to do would be to wait until he went by with his loud clump—clump. You could hear him coming a block away.

EDWIN: Why do you say "you"? Is there anything per-

sonal in this?

MARJORIE: No, indeed, Edwin. No one would suspect "Mamma's angel boy" of anything so rude.

EDWIN: I wish you'd stop ragging me that way, Marjorie. A fellow isn't necessarily a sissy because he keeps his clothes clean.

James: Let him alone, Marj. You'll inspire him to commit a burglary just to show you.

MARJORIE: Not him. [EDWIN contrives to laugh, but he is

visibly offended.]

Annette: Do behave yourselves, Ed and Marj. I'm so afraid of your having one grand spat before the wedding, so that Jim and I will have to go through with it unsupported.

Marjorie: Never fear, I pledge myself and Edwin to see

you through.

Edwin [growls]: You needn't be too sure.

James: Stop quarreling, children! Come on, Ed. It's time we were going.

EDWIN: All right. Come on with us, Tommy, and you may have a romp with my Buddy. He's some pup.

Tommy: Hurray! 'Bye, girls.

GIRLS: Good-bye.

Boys: Good-bye, girls. See you to-morrow. [Exeunt.]

MARION: I do think Edwin is so good looking. What makes you tease him so, Marj? He adores you.

MARJORIE: So he says, but he's much too meek and mild to suit me. I like some one with a little more pep to him, like Jim.

Annette: Stuff! I think you are fonder of him than you'd like him to know. He'd have all the necessary pep, if there was any occasion to use it.

MARJORIE: I don't want to make you jealous, Annette, or I'd vamp Jim. Don't you think Jim is better looking than Edwin, Marion?

Marion: Oh no! Don't be offended, Annette, but I do admire the tall, fair kind most. All except father.

BOTH GIRLS: Oh, Marion, you should like your father!

Marion: Oh, I love father, I suppose, but I must say I don't like him! He's so silly about his old burglar alarms, and he's so mean to Tommy.

Annette: I wish some one would burgle your house, Marion.

Marion [vindictively]: I wish they would! I'd let them in, and show them what to take.

Annette: You would! Marion: Yes, I would.

MARJORIE: Oh, girls, I wish we could. Wouldn't it be fun?

BOTH: What!

MARJORIE: Let us burgle Marion's house. Marion could see that a window was left open for us, and we could take something and clear out. Then when he missed it, we could tell him how we worked it.

ANNETTE: There would be nothing gained that way. He'd

think Marion had just given it to us.

MARJORIE: Not if we told him just how we managed. Marion need not tell us what to take. In fact, Marion need know nothing about it, only to see that the window is left open, and then go to bed. She need not even tell Tommy. We'll take something he'd miss. Let's do it!

ANNETTE: How could we? We'd set off all his alarms!

Marion: No, you wouldn't. I'd make it the library. I know how to disconnect the wires there. Tell me when you'll come.

Annette: It would be fun! I'd like to show him. Perhaps then he'd get Tommy a dog.

Marion: Oh, let's do it, girls!

MARJORIE: All right; now let us arrange it.

Annette: What time do you all go to bed, Marion?

MARION: Oh, we go early. Dad sends Tommy off at nine o'clock and me at ten. He and mother are always in bed at eleven.

MARJORIE: Then by twelve you would all be asleep, wouldn't you?

MARION: Sure to be.

MARJORIE: Then we'll come along about twelve. Be sure to leave the library window open for us, Marion.

MARION: Sure, and I'll fix the alarm wires.

Annette: I'll tell you what we'll take, Marion. That autograph edition of Watson's new novel, if it's in sight. He's so fond of that he'll miss it right away.

Marion: But no burglar would take that.

Annette: Well, that will convince him that we are not real burglars.

Marion: Gee, what fun! I'm all shivery with nervousness. You'll have to disguise yourselves.

MARJORIE: Yes, we'll put on the boys' long overcoats, caps over our hair, and handkerchiefs over our faces.

ANNETTE: So we will.

MARION [hugging herself excitedly]: And will you have a revolver and a flashlight?

Annette: I have a flashlight, but I haven't any revolver.

Marion [regretfully]: Oh, you ought to have a revolver.

MARJORIE: I'll borrow Jack's water pistol. It's as big as a real one. It may save our lives.

ANNETTE: What about Officer Baxter?

Marjorie [imitating]: I am the law. I will protect you. Never mind him. We'll wait until he goes past and chase over before he comes back.

MARION: And you'll surely come? I'll fix the window, and the burglar connection. Dad thinks they are so wonderful, but this will show him. Perhaps then he'll let poor Tommy have his dog.

Annette: Don't you worry, Marion, we'll be there, if you do your part.

MARION: All right, girls. Good-bye. One o'clock.

Girls: Good-bye, Marion.

CURTAIN

ACT II

Street scene

Discovered: EDWIN, JAMES and TOMMY

EDWIN: Well, Tommy, it's too bad you can't have a dog. I'll bet on a dog to beat all the burglar alarms in the city.

James: So would I. I'd like to show your father.

Tommy: I wish some one would come in and take something. I'd let them in myself.

EDWIN: You would?

Tommy: Of course I would.

James: It would be rather a lark to play burglar, and tell him about it after you'd got away with it.

Tommy: Oh, do! Do, Jim! Do, Edwin! I'd just leave a window unfastened for you, and you could get in and take—and take—

EDWIN: Well, what could we take?

Tommy: Why, in the right-hand drawer of the table he keeps the church money. He thinks he locks it up, but it isn't locked up half the time. And he never remembers whether he locks it or not.

James: Well, Tommy, about twelve o'clock tonight, two bold, bad burglars will come cre-e-e-p-ing, and cra-a-a-w-l-ing into your library window, take the church money and silently steal away.

EDWIN: Steal's the word. What if we get caught?

JAMES: Who'd catch us?

EDWIN: Officer Baxter.

James [laughing]: Baxter! If he interferes, I'll spank him.

Tommy: Aw, boys, say you'll come, I'll see that the window is all right.

EDWIN [to James]: It would serve Arthurs right, and Marjorie might not be so sure about "mamma's angel boy."

James: I'm game if you are. You mustn't mind Marj's teasing. It shows she has you on her mind.

EDWIN: O. K. Now, Tommy, off you go. If you see, at midnight, two masked men advancing on the house—

Tommy: I won't see you. I'll be in bed, so as not to know anything about it when the row comes. I sha'n't even tell Marion.

James: Good boy! Off you go now, and don't forget the window.

Tommy: You bet I won't. 'Bye.

EDWIN: It would serve Arthurs right, he is so cocksure about his old alarms.

James: And a bit hard on the kid, I think. I tell you, we'll go over there and while you watch outside, I'll go in and grab off the coin.

EDWIN: O. K., except this: I'll go in and you'll stand watch. I just want a chance to show Marjorie that I'm not afraid.

JAMES: How'll she know?

EDWIN: You'll take a chance and tell her all about it, especially about the dauntless young hero, ahem!

James: And tomorrow morning we'll take Arthurs into our little scheme, and restore the vanished gold.

EDWIN: What if he makes a row?

James: He won't. He's a good sport, nothing the matter but a swelled head.

EDWIN: All right, see you at twelve, midnight.

James: Corner of the avenue.

CURTAIN

ACT III

Scene: The Arthurs' library. This may be any simple indoor scene, but several things are necessary: A window or curtained recess to represent a window, through which the several burglars may enter. Three hiding places, where the three who must hide may do so. A large chair would do best for Marjorie, as she has to bob up and down several times. A door through which the family will enter when alarmed. A table with drawers.

If the stage has two doors, the second one, curtained, would make an excellent hiding place for two.

It is night and the stage should be dark.

Enter Marion

Marion [going to window on tip-toe and trying it]: There, I told you so. This window is not fastened. [Exit.] Tommy [creeps in, and tries the window]: There. I told you so, the window isn't fastened. [Runs out.] Voices Outside: Is it all right? Sure. Climb in, Marjorie.

Enter from the window Marjorie and Annette

[They are disguised in long coats, men's caps pulled low, and handkerchiefs across their faces. Annette has a flashlight, which she forgets and keeps flashing around at the wrong time. Marjorie has a large water pistol.]

Annette: O-o-o-h! I'm so scared. Let's grab something quick and run.

MARJORIE: I'm going to write him a note thanking him for his hospitality. That will call his attention to the fact that he has been burgled.

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Annette: Oh, don't! That will take time.

[Outside sound the clump, clump of Baxter's feet going past.]

MARJORIE: There's Baxter. We'll have to wait until he goes to the corner and comes back.

Annette: Oh, no; let's go now.

MARJORIE: Hold that light still, and put this book in your pocket. It's the autograph of Watson's. [Annette pockets book.]

Annette: What's that? I hear some one coming.

[Both listen to the sound of some one at the window.]

Marjorie: Some one is coming. Hide! [Pushes Annette behind the screen, dodges behind the chair.]

Enter EDWIN

[He comes in at the window, dressed in a long coat, his cap pulled down, a handkerchief over his mouth, a flashlight in his hand. Marjorie glares out at him, thinking him a real burglar, as he moves his flashlight slowly around the room. She dodges down as it approaches her.]

drawer. [Creeps over to table, and sees Marjorie's note.] Hullo, some one's been writing a note—only a commencement. I'll write one to Arthurs myself, thanking him for his hospitality and the money. Oh, I'd better get it. [Opens drawer and takes out a roll of bills, which he puts into his pocket. Marjorie watches in horror.] My, but the old chap's careless. [Hears sound at window behind curtain.]

Enter Burglar

[He is masked and carries a flashlight, which he turns around the room.]

The Burglar: Well, here's a game. The chap that brags that no one can burgle his house, and here's a window open, and I come right in. It was some job passing that young chap on the street. If he hadn't run across the street when the cop passed, I'd think he was on the job here. But I guess I have it all to myself. [Opens drawer.] Nothing there, I thought that was where he kept the church money. I guess I'd better try the dining-room. [Goes toward door.]

[Annette, behind screen, sneezes.]

[The Burglar, whose disguise is just the same as the others, jumps for the screen, and discovers Annette crouching down, terrified. Burglar seizes her by the collar and drags her out.]

BURGLAR: Who are you? What are you doing here?

Annette: Oh, please—[faints].

[Marjorie has stood up and leveled her water pistol, but as Annette faints she dodges back, but keeps peeking

out.]

Burglar: Well, of all things, a girl! I wonder what it all means. She's safe anyway. [Sends flashlight all around the room. Marjorie dodges out of sight. He sees the shadow of Edwin on the curtain.] Hands up, there, behind the curtain and step out!

[Edwin steps out with hands raised. The handkerchief

falls off his face.]

Burglar: Well, young fellow, what are you up to? This house seems to be a popular resort tonight. Here's a girl fainting all over the place, and here're you and here's me. Turn around.

EDWIN: What for? You have no gun. I'm going to take my hands down and give you a jolly good punching. What do you mean by frightening a girl?

BURGLAR [grimly]: Put them up. My gun is in my pocket

and my hand is on it.

EDWIN: I don't believe you, but I won't take a chance yet. I don't want a row any more than you do. [Turns around and Burglar takes his hands from his pockets and begins to tie EDWIN'S hands.]

Marjorie [has watched breathlessly. She now stands up

and levels her water pistol]: Hands up!

[Burglar wheels to face her, with hands up. Edwin stands staring.]

Burglar: What on earth!

MARJORIE: Keep them up. I've got you covered. Annette, are you really fainting, or only faking?

Annette: Only faking. Is the coast clear?

Burglar: What am I seeing? Are there three of you here? Marjorie: Four, counting you. Annette, get up and go to the window and call Officer Baxter. I hear his footfall's music. First, untie Edwin's hands, though. Edwin, I take it all back. You're a great, big, lovely hero!

EDWIN: Marj! Oh, I say, Marj! I'm going to knock this fellow's head off.

MARJORIE: No, you're not. He's my prisoner, and I'm going to hand him over to the law, personified by our friend, Baxter.

EDWIN: Good girl. It'll be one on Baxter.

Annette [goes to the window, and calls softly]: Officer!

Voice [outside]: Yes, Miss.

Annette: We have a burglar in here. Come in and arrest him.

Voice: Sure, Miss. How'll I get in?

Annette: Come in through the window.

Voice: Oh, no, Miss, that would be beneath the dignity of the law. I will go around to the front door.

[Sound of retreating footsteps. Then approaching loud and heavy steps. All at once a wild outburst of bells and alarms, as Baxter sets off alarms, trying to enter.]

[Burglar makes a dash for window, but Edwin steps between him and liberty. After a long look at the young man, The Burglar goes back to his former position. This time Marjorie says, "Tie his hands, Edwin," which Edwin does, using his handkerchief, The Burglar making no resistance. Meanwhile, with shrieks and cries of amazement, the whole Arthurs family, headed by Baxter, come rushing in. The Arthurs' are half dressed or in dressing gowns and caps.]

Mr. Arthurs [greatly excited]: What's this! What's the

matter?

MARION: Oh, what is it? A burglar?

Tommy: O-o-h! A burglar! A burglar!

Baxter: Now, now, my good people, make way for the law. I am the law, and I will protect you.

Mr. Arthurs: Why, Marjorie, Edwin, Annette, what are you doing here, in the middle of the night?

EDWIN: Mr. Arthurs, your house has been entered, and we have the burglar here.

Burglar: Your house is full of burglars. I saw six or seven.

MARJORIE: What a story. We called Officer Baxter in from the street, and he set off all your silly alarms, when he came in at the door.

Baxter: Yes, sir, here I am. The law protects your property, and I am the law. Now, I will arrest this burglar. [At this time Edwin and Marjorie are holding hands, and seeing nothing but each other. Tommy and Marion are absorbed in whispering with Annette. Mrs. Arthurs chooses this moment to faint in her husband's arms, so that for the moment no one pays any attention to Baxter and the Burglar. The latter has worked his hands free, and now, with a quick movement, he jams Baxter's helmet over the little chap's eyes, makes a dash for the window and escapes.

- Baxter dashes after him. Immediately there is a great outcry from all and they all rush to the window, getting in each other's way. Outside there is a noise of running feet, and of a struggle, and the voices of James and Baxter are heard.]
- BAXTER: Let me go, James. Are you crazy? It's a burglar, I tell you.
- James: Nothing of the sort, Baxter. It's only a joke, I tell you. Come off, you little goat. [More struggling, and James comes in at the window, dragging Baxter, sputtering with rage.]
- James: Here, folks, what's up? I went off for a walk, things were so slow, and here I come back, and find Baxter in pursuit of Edwin!
- EDWIN: I happen to be here, Jim. That was a real burglar who happened in on us. But never mind, old boy, you took care that he got safely away.
- James: For the love of Mike, have you run into the real thing? Did he make away with much?
- EDWIN: Not a thing! He hadn't time. We scared him to death, I believe.
- MR. ARTHURS [hastily putting MRS. ARTHURS into a chair, where she immediately recovers]: Mercy on us, my church money! I forgot to lock it up last night. [Goes to the drawer and finds the money gone.] It's gone. Run after him, some one, bring him back. My money, my money!
- EDWIN [draws the money from his pocket]: Here's your money, Mr. Arthurs, though you shouldn't expect to find it safe, when you are so careless about it.
- MR. ARTHURS: Careless! I careless? [He keeps on looking around and misses the book.] Where's my new book, the Watson autograph copy?
- Annette: Here it is, Mr. Arthurs. I saved it for you.

Mr. Arthurs: Th-a-n-ks, Annette. Seems to me there's something a little suspicious about this. What are all you people doing here, at this time of night? I'd like to know.

BAXTER: Just what I'd like to know. Here were all you people in here with that burglar feller, and Jim outside to see that he gets clear away—

James: Now, Mr. Baxter-

BAXTER: You were out there just for that purpose, for, you said, when I was after him, "Hold on, Baxter, it's all right, it's only Ed," and in we came and here's Edwin fine and dandy. That needs some explaining.

While they are talking The Burglar enters by the window, and listens. Just here he gives a loud cough. All start and turn, and Mrs. Arthurs promptly faints again, but no one has time to attend to her, so she braces

up.

BAXTER: Ha! the burglar! Now, sir, I arrest you in the name of the law. I am the law-

Burglar: Hush, hush, little man! [Takes handkerchief off face and turns down collar, looking around with a cheerful smile.]

Tommy and Marion: Uncle Jack! [Throw themselves into his arms. 1

Mr. and Mrs. Arthurs [together]: Jack, how on earth did you get here?

UNCLE JACK: Why, I had a chance to get off for a few days and I thought I'd come up. The train was late, so I walked down. I was afraid to go to the door for fear of starting your alarms and I came around to see if you had left any windows open, as I believe you sometimes do. I saw this young man [pointing to James] crossing the street, and this window open, so I put on the usual disguise and slipped in to find out what was going on.

Mr. Arthurs: And what did you find?

UNCLE JACK: The house apparently full of burglars, who

turn out to be these young people, who held me up, as the real article. What on earth's up?

Mr. Arthurs: Now, then, Marjorie, you seem to be the

coolest one of them all, suppose you explain.

MARJORIE: Oh, no, let Edwin explain, he is the coolest one of all.

James [to Annette]: Well, what do you know about that? Annette: Yes, I know she's in deep; and as far gone as any of us.

James [growls]: About time, too.

EDWIN: Well, you see, we were talking about burglars to-day, and Mr. Arthurs said his house was absolutely burglar-proof. So Jim and I thought we'd like to show him. Especially as a certain young lady thought I hadn't pep enough for anything of the sort. The children had said that with all your care you often left a window unfastened, thus spoiling the effect of your burglar alarms. [Marion and Tommy are making frantic signals to him not to give them away.] Well, we came around and behold, the window here was open. It seems the girls had conceived the same idea. They were here before us and had found the window unfastened.

[Marion and Tommy manifest great relief as he goes on.] Edwin: The girls must have heard me climbing in, and hid. [Girls nod.] So I had a clear field. I looked for something you would be sure to miss, and found the church money.

MR. ARTHURS: Do you mean to tell me that I forgot to fasten this window? But I know I did. I remember go-

ing right upstairs with my book.

UNCLE JACK [laughing]: Well, I guess, Will, you would better keep a dog to depend on, when you forget your burglar alarms.

TOMMY: That's what I think.

MR. ARTHURS: Well, I believe I'll have to get one, a good,

cross one, who will bite all burglars, friendly or otherwise. Now, what shall I say to all you youngsters?

EDWIN: Don't say anything. Be a good sport, and congratulate me that I have succeeded in convincing this girl of mine [putting his arm around MARJORIE] that I am not

quite such an "angel child" as she thought.

Mr. Arthurs: Well, under the circumstances, Edwin, I can't say that I blame you. I know that no one in your condition is really responsible. As for the girls, I'll just have to forgive them anyway. What do you say, my dear?

[To Mrs. Arthurs, who up to this time, has not said a word, and now says her only one.]

Mrs. Arthurs: Oh, yes. I'm sure you know best.

Mr. Arthurs: So you see the wife agrees with me. We will forgive all the burglars, and buy a dog to-morrow.

Tommy: Hurray! Hurray! [He and Marion dance wild-

ly around their father.]

Officer Baxter: That is all very well, but what of the law? The law was called in to arrest a burglar, and the burglar, four of him, is here, and I am the law, and not to be defied! I have been pushed and thumped and banged and stopped in the prosecution of a chase. What satisfaction do I get?

[All look at him ruefully, realizing that he can make it

very unpleasant, if he likes.]

Uncle Jack [takes the officer by the arm and draws him to one side |: Now, officer, you don't want to make any trouble for these people, who have been having a little fun with Arthurs, do you?

BAXTER: No, sir; no, sir; but the law must be upheld, and

I am the law!

UNCLE JACK: Yes, we all know; but now, suppose we uphold the law to the extent of a ten spot [slipping a bill into Baxter's hand], do you think your feelings would be sufficiently soothed to allow these young folks to have their joke out, with no trouble from the law, which you so ably represent?

BAXTER: Well, sir, since you put it that way, and we all

know young folks like their little jokes—

UNCLE JACK: That's it, that's it. And now that it's all settled, I think this party would better disperse for the night, with the assurance that the library window is tightly closed and that tomorrow Tommy gets a dog.

Tommy [as curtain falls]: I get a dog! I get a dog!















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